"Words 2 My First Born" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Words 2 My First Born"

(feat. Above the Law)

[2Pac:]
Hehehe, yeah
These are my words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]
Can you picture young niggas in a rush to grow?
'Til hard-timers in the pen' had to crush his throat
Probably never even saw it comin'
Too busy bullshittin', caught him with his mouth runnin'
Ain't this a bitch? They got me twisted in this game
The feds and the punk police pointin' pistols at my brain
I wonder if I'm wrong 'cause I'm thugged out
My homies murdered execution style runnin' in the drug house
What was supposed to be a easy hit
Now shit is flipped, 'cause niggas died over bullshit
It's not my dream, I'm seein' pictures of a broken man
No witnesses only the questions of who smoked the man
Young adolescents in our prime live a life of crime
Though it ain't logical, we hobble through these tryin' times
Livin' blind—Lord, help me with my troubled soul
Why all my homies had to die 'fore they got to grow?
And right before I put my head on the pillow, say a prayer
One love to the thugs in Heaven, I'll see you there
It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't warned
Help you make it through the storm
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]
My words to my firstborn
My words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]
Since my very first day on this earth, I was cursed
So, I knew that the birth of a child would make my life worse
And though it hurt me, there was no distortion
'Cause wild seeds can't grow, we need more abortions
Quiet your soul, 'cause you know what you had to do
And so did victims of a world they never came to
I understand it's a better day comin', sometimes cats be sleepin' on the dead end, drivin' with the car runnin'
Blinded, ain't no love in the hood, only hearts torn
Love letters to the innocent and unborn
All the babies that died up on the table
Wasn't able to breathe, 'cause the family wasn't able
Can't blame her, I would do the same
All I could give her was my debt and my last name
'Cause in the game things change, livin' up and down

This hard life got me walkin' with my head down
Flashin' frowns wasn't meant to be, was I wrong?
But I'll never get to know, so I carry on
It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]
My words to my firstborn
Mmm! (Yeah)
These are the words to my firstborn
Hey, nigga, talk to your born!
Talk to your seed, nigga!

[Above the Law:]
Two thousand somethin' somethin' mention a new era
A nigga's too real, now see shit too clear
See, there's more than just this scrilla and this tilt
(What else is it, dawg?) – the velvet and the silk
And makin' sure my kittens got they milk
(Hoo!) Gotta fill this mattress
Let my kids know I'm at this
Attack this, the Mack must roll, hood stroll
Ain't no question, is it? Above the Law hustlers
If it's related to chips, homie, we'll handle ya

Yo, although we never take advantage
Though we always into ery'thang
By all means, stack green, gangsta lean
They say money make the world go 'round
So, only associate yourself
With paper chasers and niggas that's truly down
And keep God first
And give thanks for the good times, as well as when it hurts
It's player haters every corner you hit
Touchin' their tits, hella thick, tryin' to get you for yo' grip
I know you stressed-out and fed-up
But come out, gun-blazin', and keep yo' head up
You can call it what you want to, but it ain't gon' change
Above the Law, 2Pac, O.G.'s in this rap game
And we done lived a long hard life
And we done shed so many tears under these bright lights
Y'all, although we grew up corrupted and scorned
We still got a lot of wisdom to give to our firstborn

[2Pac:]
What you gon' tell your kids, nigga?
Who was you? What was you doin'?
How did you put it down?
These my words to my motherfuckin' firstborn
So, they can know, y'knahmean? Hehehe
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' rider
Westside 'til I die, that's all it was
It's a crooked-ass hand they deal a motherfucker

I just played to win, just played to win
Motherfucker gotta bet against the odds, y'knahmean?

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